



ALPHONSINE D'ARGENNES ;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

In Continuation.

MADAME de Royan vainly strove to calm her agitation. "You alarm yourself too soon," said she, "The Count de Puymarais loves you, he will not resist your tears." "Alas ! Madam, he has witnessed my despair unmoved, my shrieks did not reach his heart. Who will there be to reproach him with his crime ? My dear Madame St. Clare is no more ; the curate also you know has since followed her to the grave. What witness have I to confront him ?"

"My beloved daughter," replied the Abbess, "if all should fail, your own virtue, and my friendship will still remain unshaken. Believe me, we are never completely unfortunate when we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves. Compose yourself ; call your reason to your assistance, and make use of your fortitude ; let the tenderness I have for you, the affection I know you bear towards me, restore you to yourself ;

and confide in my friendship to conceal from every eye the knowledge of your misfortune."

Madame de Royan accordingly resolved to prolong her stay at her country-house, and resolved to remain with Alphonsine until the period should arrive when she would give birth to that innocent creature whose existence already caused her so much sorrow. The affectionate friendship of the Abbess, and her soothing attentions in some measure calmed her grief, and pity for her misfortunes endeared her the more to our heroine.

After a short silence, Alphonsine sighing deeply, said, "I was destined to fall a victim to the perfidiousness of men ; the Chevalier de Fontange's conduct ought to have inspired me with distrust for all the sex, and to have made me shun them for ever." She then related to Madame de Royan his behaviour towards her when he was engaged to Mademoiselle de Fienne.

A few days after this, she wrote to the Count. She employed every argument proper to soften him, and recall him to his duties ; men-

tioned his former passion, his vows of eternal constancy, and the rights his child would have over his heart. Madame de Royan wrote to him also, and told him that fear might be entertained for his wife's life, overwhelmed as she was by her excessive grief. These two letters were carried to Paris by a confidential messenger, who was charged to deliver them into the Count's own hand.

The anxiety and impatience with which our heroine awaited the answers, may easily be conceived. The days, the hours, seemed to succeed each other with an insupportable languor. One evening, as she was alone in her chamber, reflecting on her unfortunate situation, she was informed that a man who had brought her a letter, requested to speak to her. Overwhelmed by fear, yet supported by hope, she flew down stairs ; here a letter was delivered to her by a strange messenger. She instantly opened it, hoping to trace the well-known writing of her husband : but a severe disappointment awaited her, as the hand was unknown to her. Impatient to discover from whom it could be, she instantly looked at the signature, and to her great astonishment, read the Chevalier de Fontange.—“Good heavens,” exclaimed Alphonsine, falling on a seat, “what can he have to say ? Does he wish again to deceive me ?”

“No, no, Mademoiselle,” cried

the bearer of the letter, (whose muffled dress almost hid his features from her view) falling at her feet. This unexpected action, and the sound of his voice, struck Alphonsine with surprise ; she looked at him, and recognised the Chevalier de Fontange himself.

“For heavens sake,” continued he, “listen to me. The world, who believes every idle report, has condemned me ; and, like them, you have doubtless believed me guilty : I have suffered without complaining, even with indifference, these false accusations ; but you injustice I cannot support ; deign to hear me ; listen with impartiality to the justification of a man to whom your good opinion is as dear as the sentiments with which he once flattered himself he had inspired you, and on which his whole happiness depends.”

Surprise, vexation, and the lively recollection of her own misfortunes, rendered more acute by this unexpected visit, deprived her voice of utterance, and made her afraid to look the Chevalier in the face. “Oh ! you whom I have so sincerely loved,” continued he, “it is to you alone that I will break the silence I have imposed on myself ; but it is of the utmost importance that I should undeceive you, to clear my honour from every unjust imputation.”

“Of what avail would your justification be to me, Sir ?” replied Alphonsine, somewhat recovered

from her embarrassment, "should it be complete, it is to the world, and not to me, you should declare it, as my listening can be of no service to you."

"Hear me, however," hastily interrupted he. "A man of strict probity may often be judged guilty of an offence, because an unhappy fatality may have led him into painful situations, and real honour sometimes requires him to sacrifice appearances to reality."

"You have, doubtless, been informed of my rupture with Mademoiselle de Luxembourg, when every thing was arranged for our marriage; all the blame of this transaction has been thrown on me; I am, however, inclined to believe that you will approve of my conduct when you hear the circumstances attending it. As the day of our union approached, I observed Mademoiselle de Luxembourg thoughtful and unhappy, and some secret cause of grief seemed to prey upon her mind. I inquired the cause, and pressed her so earnestly, that at length I inspired her with confidence, and the fatal secret was soon no longer one for me. She confessed that for a long time an affection had subsisted between herself and the young Duke de Ventadour; but added, that she should never have courage to acquaint her father of the circumstances, nor the temerity to disobey his commands. She concluded, by intreating me to find

some means of breaking off our intended marriage. I did not reflect upon consequences, but determined to sacrifice my happiness to hers; I agreed to her request, and performed my promise. The world blamed me; Mademoiselle de Luxembourg praised my generosity, and I thought myself repaid by having been serviceable to her.

"Our troops, headed by our monarch, were at that time fighting in Flanders, and I resolved to join them. The desire of acquiring fame under his banners, added to the impetuosity of youth, led me sometimes into acts of rashness. At the siege of Mons, I was the first who mounted the ramparts, and was by the enemy precipitated into the fosse, dangerously wounded; here I should have perished, had I not been assisted by an officer of the name of Figeac, who carried me off, and did not leave me till he had seen my wound dressed, and delivered me to my own servants. On my recovery, I was grateful for his kindness, introduced him to the generals, and spoke so favourably of him to them, that they shewed him the most flattering marks of distinction. As for myself, I was so much attached to him, and he displayed so much friendship for me, that we determined to spend the remainder of our lives together.

"A short time after this, the king charged me and some other

noblemen who were attached to him, with a negotiation, and Figeac accompanied me. As this negotiation required the greatest secrecy, his majesty ordered me to take a feigned name, and to travel as a private gentleman. At Lille we were met by the persons with whom we were to treat. It was there that I was first introduced to Mademoiselle de Fienne, and her mother, and was invited to their house, with my friend Figeac. We visited them, and I, who still concealed my name under that of Morsaing, was much more favourably received by the young lady than a private gentleman had any right to expect from a person of her rank. I was led to suppose, from her behaviour, that she felt an attachment for me; and I must confess my self-love was gratified to owe her preference to my good qualities alone. I soon loved her sincerely, and should have revealed my real name to her, but as my disguise was the king's secret, I imposed the most scrupulous silence on myself, though often amusing myself with the thoughts of the pleasure she would experience when she learned that it was the Chevalier de Fontange whom she had distinguished, and that he was worthier of her than the pretended Monsieur de Morsaing.

"Previous to my return to the capital, Mademoiselle de Fienne promised she would very soon repair thither, and also permitted me to place my friend in our confidence.

"Whenever any little altercation took place between us, he was our mediator, and restored peace to two lovers who always appeared happy to be reconciled.

"A short time after my arrival, Mademoiselle de Fienne was presented to the Queen; I happened to be in the room when she arrived, and greatly enjoyed her confusion and astonishment when she recognised me. She began by scolding me for having cheated her by passing under a fictitious name; but a very few explanatory words obtained me her pardon.

"I paid her all the attention good breeding would allow, and should have thought myself perfectly happy, if a ridiculous jealousy on her side had not frequently tormented me. I could not speak to any woman without her taking umbrage at it, and I was compelled to treat all the sex, except herself, with the most scrupulous reserve.

"This great constraint was unpleasant; but as I attributed it solely to her affection for me, I bore it without repining.

"Soon this sentiment took another turn; she no longer seemed jealous of me, but complained that I was not jealous of her: and when I told her that I should have deemed such a thought injurious to her, she replied that she perceived plainly that I did not love

her, as I was not jealous of her. This conduct appeared to me very ridiculous ; I complained of it to Figeac, who reconciled us. Our quarrels, and my assiduities, made some noise, and reached the ears of my father, who being very desirous of seeing me settled, spoke to me on the subject, and finding me willing, the marriage was soon agreed upon by myself and the Duke de St. A!—.

"Every thing being arranged on both sides, and our intended union being generally known, Mademoiselle de Fienne and myself saw each other much more frequently than before. One day, as I was going to her apartment, I heard her ascending the staircase, in company with a person, who, from his voice and tread, I thought must be a man. The idea of amusing her, by feigning to be jealous, gave me the desire of hiding myself, to laugh at her afterwards, and to shew her the ridicule of this unpardonable defect.

"They entered the room, and I heard her say to her companion, whom from the place of my concealment, I could not see—"You are very wrong ; instead of reproaches, I ought to have your thanks : I will agree that I am ambitious, but I marry much less from this motive, than from the friendship which unites you, and which insures me the delight of having you almost constantly with me. This is the way we must

call Hymen to our aid, in order to conceal the thefts of love."

"These last words confounded me, and I was uncertain how to act. When the man to whom they had been addressed, and whom I discovered by his voice to be Figeac, replied,—“But why make him believe you love him ; why incessantly reproach him for not being jealous ?” “How simple you are,” returned she, “do you not perceive that it is to prevent him from being so ; to make him believe that he is beloved, and to banish every suspicion to which our intercourse might give rise.”

"I confess my anger and disgust were now raised to the highest pitch, and I was on the point of rushing upon them, when reflecting that it was still in my power to break with this unworthy woman, all the passions which agitated me, yielded to contempt and indignation, and banished love and friendship from my heart. I reflected that every honest man was liable to be deceived ; this reconciled me somewhat to my fate, though it gave me a great disgust for the world in general.

"After a few more sentences similar to those I had heard. Mademoiselle de Fienne said she must go to her mother's apartment ; Figeac followed her, and I crept from my retreat, uncertain what measures to adopt. I could, it was true, ruin the young lady in the opinion of the court, but I was

so completely cured of my affection for her by her detestable conduct, that I did not think her worthy of my revenge, and only blessed heaven for having escaped an union which might have caused me such bitter anguish. As to Figeac, he, doubtless, merited the most severe punishment; but he had saved my life, and I found it easier to pardon an injury than to be wanting in gratitude. Fearful lest my father might not exactly share my sentiments, I resolved to conceal from him what chance had made me discover. With respect to my marriage, I had only to endeavour to protract the period of it in order to gain time, and a circumstance fortunately favoured my design. An aunt of Mademoiselle de Fienne died, and her mother and herself on this account left the capital, I hastened to follow their example, only being careful to choose a different route.

[*To be continued.*]

LITERARY.

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MEMOIRS OF MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

By the rev. Montague Pennington, M. A.

THE memoirs of this truly exemplary character cannot but afford a fund of amusement and instruction to every reader of a reflecting mind. They are detailed with the utmost simplicity and

candour, by a man of distinguished piety and learning, a near relative, and one who venerated her virtues, as much as he admired her extraordinary talents. To those who feel inclined to cavil against female erudition, we need only recommend the observation of such a character as that of Mrs. Carter, who, though an old woman, a spinster, and an author, possessed none of the asperities usually ascribed to each of these; but contrived, by the most amiable cheerfulness and suavity of manners, to draw the affectionate attention of the young, the gay, and the fashionable, to her latest moment of existence. The celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos bears no comparison with this exalted woman; the former, though possessed of unequalled wit and beauty, could at best but enjoy the fame of a coquette, and a woman of the world, while the venerable Mrs. Carter sunk into a peaceful grave, leaving behind her a reputation, if less dazzling, by far more glorious and worthy of imitation—the reputation of a christian. The following extract from one of her letters, will serve to give a faint picture of her way of life, and at the same time afford a specimen of the sprightly, not to say playful, style of writing, in which she addressed her most intimate friends:—

“ Deal, July, 1746.

“ As you desire a full and particular account of my whole life and conversation, it is necessary, in the

first place, you should be made acquainted with the singular contrivance by which I am called in the morning. There is a bell placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened a packthread and a piece of lead, which, when I am not lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, is conveyed thro' my window in a garden below, pertaining to the sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said packthread, with as much heart and good-will as if he was ringing my knell. By this most curious invention, I make shift to get up, which I am too stupid to do without calling. Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance have threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter ruin of me, for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer. And now I am up, you may be like to enquire to what purpose?—I sit down to my several lessons,* as regular as a school-boy, and lay in a stock of learning, to make a figure with at breakfast; but for this I am not ready. My general practice is, about six, to take up my stick and walk, sometimes alone, and at others with a companion, whom I call on in my way, and draw out, half asleep, and consequently incapable of reflecting on the danger of such an undertaking; for to be sure she might just as well trust herself to the guid-

ance of a jack-o-lantern: however, she has the extreme gratification of grumbling as much as she pleases, without any interruption; which she does with such a variety of comical phrases, that I generally laugh from the beginning to the end of the journey. Many are the exercises of patience she meets with in our peregrinations: sometimes half roasted with the full glare of sunshine upon an open common, then dragged through a thread-bare path in the middle of a corn-field, and bathed up to the ears in dew, and at the end of it, perhaps, forced to scratch her way through the bushes of a close shady lane, never before frequented by any animal but birds. In short, towards the conclusion of our walk we make such deplorable ragged figures, that I wonder some prudent country-justice does not take us up for vagrants, and cramp our rambling genius in the stocks: an apprehension which does not half so much fright me, as when some civil swains pull off their hats, and I hear them signifying to one another, with a note of admiration, that *I am parson Carter's daughter*. I had much rather be accosted with "Good-morrow, sweetheart," or, "Are you walking for a wager?" When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures, we go to breakfast, and are, as you imagine, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. Our family is now reduced

* Mrs. Carter was at this period about thirty years of age.

to my eldest sister, and a little boy, who is very diverting at other times; but, over our tea, every body is so eager to talk, that all his share in the conversation is only to stare and eat prodigiously. We have a great variety of topics, in which every body bears a part, till we get insensibly upon books; and whenever we go beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse and the tea-kettle by ourselves; which we should infallibly do if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea. I fancy I have a privilege for talking a vast deal over the tea-table, as I am tolerable silent the rest of the day. After breakfast every one follows their several employments. My first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in about twenty different parts of my room; and, when this task is finished, I sit down to a spinet, which, in its best state might have cost about fifteen shillings, with as much importance as if I knew how to play.* After deafening myself for about half an hour with all manners of noise, I proceed to some other amusement, that employs me about the same time; for longer I seldom apply to any thing; and thus, between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running

* Mrs. Carter, in the usual course of education, had learned music and drawing, but had never paid sufficient attention to either, to be thoroughly proficient.

up and down stairs an hundred times, to see where every body is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business or entertainment. Of an afternoon, I sometimes go out, not so often, however, as in civility I ought to do; as it is always some mortification to me not to drink tea at home. About eight o'clock I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening for these fourteen years; I always return precisely at ten, beyond which hour I do not desire to see the face of any living wight; and thus I finish my day, and this tedious description of it, which you have so unfortunately drawn upon yourself."

Thus lively, without any pedantic affectation, was the correspondence of this amiable woman; who, though suffering under an almost unremitting and acute headache, contrived to render herself an agreeable companion.

(To be continued.)

A ship going over Charleston bar with a negro pilot on board, the captain asked him, "What water is the ship in?" to which he answered, *Salt water, Massa*. I know that, replies the captain, but how much water is there? Eh, *Massa*, says the negro, *You tink me bring tin pot for meehrum*.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure scape ; back wounding cal-
 lumny
 The whitest virtue strikes : what King
 so strong,
 Can tie the gall up in the slanderous
 tongue ?

Shakspeare.

AN exposition of all the ills, proceeding from the unrestrained liberty slanderers take with the reputation of their neighbours and acquaintances, would fill a volume of no moderate size ; and I fear ultimately very few could be persuaded to profit by the exposure. The most able writers, both ancient and modern, have, from time to time, sat their faces against the vice of calumny, and with their pens lashed it without mercy : we have often seen the subject ably treated on by the Divine, the Barrister, Essayist, and the Dramatist ; yet notwithstanding all that has been said or written, slander still walks abroad, both in town and country, in all her original and loathsome deformity. It would indeed be ungenerous, not to believe, but that a few have been open to conviction, have repented, and discarded their odious propensity, and I wish the conversions had been more numerous, as well for the peace of domestic circles, as for the general happiness of the world at large. There seems to be universal hostility existing between mankind, which arises

from a desire of wishing to excel all competitors entering the list as candidates for fame, honor, riches, or any other mark of distinction, usually conferred upon the deserving ; and as long as one man is to be found, possessing qualifications that another cannot attain to, he must expect that the envious will continually endeavour to detract from his merit. It is natural for us never to be content with the situation in which we are placed ; for seeing others enjoy, in a more eminent degree, the advantages we possess, is a continual source of disquiet, and opens a vacuum wherein envy quickly seats herself and commences disseminating her poisonous principles throughout the system ; and when once the mind becomes impregnated with envy, means are shortly found to make those feel it, who are so unhappy as to labor under displeasure. The crafty calumniator has a distinguished superiority over persons who are in possession of the other vices ; for they all require courage for their completion, whereas the envious traducer can with safety shelter himself in the copse of cowardice, and throw his envenomed shafts in what direction he pleases, without fear of detection. Envy is a hidden enemy, with whom the most fearless and brave cannot contend ; for she strikes in the dark, and oft times mortally wounds, before we are aware of her approach. Various are the species of slanderers that eternally infest the peace of

the community, and sow discord and distrust among all parties. One's chief delight is to pry into every person's business, glean little stories of their private concerns, and deliver them out in all companies where the person intended to be injured is known, with divers embellishments of their own, which are commonly added, to give the story more point or *sting*. This class always screen themselves, by pretending not to believe their own tales; and usually interlard the narrative with, "*I scarcely think it possible—It would certainly have been known—There must be some mistake—Still the world is deceitful,*" &c. thinking by that means to cover the venom that rankles in their bosom. Such characters do an infinity of mischief, and would be justly served if they were scorned, neglected, and despised by every company they enter; for indiscriminate babblers are dangerous companions, and just as likely after having vented their spleen and petty malice in one party, to single out some individual present, and make his or her foibles the topic of conversation in another.—Though the harm emanating from those *vermin gad-about*s, is above calculation; there are grades of a much higher order; and first, your *insinuating* slanderer. His fertile brain is constantly employed in the formation of falsehoods of deeper tenor; he can with the vividness of the lightning's flash, comprehend the actions of every being, with

whom he associates! he knows all the secret springs that influence the motions of his intimates! and when he has brought his plots to a proper consistency, takes care not to forego the *main chance* of letting every one know his *wonderful talent for discovery*! His fabrications are craftily detailed, without reference to time or place; he sets such marks upon the person whose fame he is destroying, that although he keeps the name incognito, mistake as to the one pointed at, cannot happen; and when by dark innuendos, and "far-fetched" allusions, he has worked the hearer to the greatest pitch of suspicion, he quits the subject, with the words of Hamlet—"well, well—I know—or—I could—and if I would—or—if I list to speak—or there be—and if there might," together with "such ambiguous giving out," that what he *pretends* to hide, has double the force of the matter promulgated. The man whose reputation comes under the scanning of enemies of this nature, is truly to be pitied. The last I shall notice in this short essay, are those who have some end to gain, by the prostration of another's character; they work with still greater subtlety than the others; for as they are content with blighting the expectations of a few, their task of iniquity and ruin can be carried on more systematically, and with more promptitude; and by continually bearing on one particular object, leave an indelible impression upon the

minds of those to whom their reports are related ; their plans are laid with such art and care, that it must be something bordering on the miraculous, if their machinations are ever defeated : like the venomous spider, they spin their web, with so many curious and inveterate windings, that woe be to him who has the mischance to come within reach of their toils. We all have failings, some in a greater, and some in a less degree ; the hope of finding complete perfection centered in any one individual, has long since been given up : the most circumspect will often times suffer their caution to slumber ; and in an unguarded moment, do things, that, though innocent in their nature, will leave them open to the censures of one or other of the classes above described.

It is impossible to walk through the "rugged path of life," without sometimes making a mis-step, or meeting with obstructions. When we consider what dreadful effects calumny has caused, we should shudder at the vice.—It has brought to destruction many whose morning of life was unclouded ; it hath stained the fair fame of many a spotless innocent of the female sex : by it the arm hath been nerved to raise the murderous steel ; it has covered numerous happy families in an instant with ruin, misery, and disgrace ; it has broke the hearts of parents, and caused their children

to become wanderers, loaded with poverty and distress. Alas ! what evils have not resulted from it ? How careful then ought we to be, in believing injurious reports. It would be well invariably to discourage those who are addicted to this abominable practice ; and by our merited contempt, convince the slanderer that we despise him and his wiles ; always keeping a strict guard upon ourselves, as far as relates to the conduct of others, being rather ready to palliate the faults of our fellow-creatures, than to exaggerate them ; for surely it is more pleasing by our tenderness to heal the wounds inflicted by calumny, than by adding envy, to increase their number.

O. W.

Kip's Bay, July 23d, 1809.

VARIETY.

JOSEPH THE SECOND.

When Joseph the second, grandfather to the present Emperor of Germany, was at Paris, he derived much gratification from surveying such objects as were worthy a stranger's observation, without the pageantry of royalty, or the attendance of his courtiers. Walking into a coffee-house of great repute, at an early hour one morning, he politely requested to have a dish of chocolate. As he had no retinue, and appeared very simply dressed, the waiter very surlily replied,

, here was *none* ready ; upon which the emperor walked leisurely away, and entered a house of very inferior note, where his request was very differently received, and the chocolate prepared with the utmost expedition. During the time it was getting ready, the landlord's daughter accidentally came down, and the emperor, struck with her beauty, expressed his astonishment that she was not married. The man informed him that her poverty was the occasion of it, as she was tenderly attached to a young man, whose father had refused his consent, because he could not give her a thousand crowns. Joseph immediately called for pen and ink, and writing an order on his banker for six thousand livres, put it into the hands of the astonished landlord, and hurried out of the house, to avoid the praises which his beneficence demanded.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

To assuage the pain of Scalds or Burns.

Salt dissolved in water should be applied to the part ; or an ointment composed of common salt beat up with black soap. A few drops of olive oil, in spring water, will also make an excellent liniment.

To remove Warts

Nothing is more effectual than the frequent application of the juice of elder berries.

For shortness of breath.

Take one pound of the roots of hollyhock, beat to a powder, and mix it with the following drink for a cough :

Take a handful of red sage and boil it in a quart of ale till it is reduced to a pint, then stir in a quarter of a pound of molasses, and drink it warm the last thing at night.

To take ink out of books, paper, &c.

Rub aquafortis on the spots, and wash it clean with water in which allum has been dissolved.

To make the hair grow.

Take tops of hemp gathered near seeding-time, scethe them in spring water with a handful of wheat bran, and wash the head therewith frequently.

To preserve hogslard for Family use.

Boil it up with a little verjuice till the verjuice is consumed, then pour the lard into glazed earthen pots or bladders, hang it in a dry warm place, and it will keep for years.

For an inveterate hoarseness.

Take juice of centuary four mornings fasting, and drink linseed tea sweetened with honey.

The love of long christian names by the Spaniards has frequently been an object of ridicule. A Spaniard on his travels, arrived in

the night at a little village in France in which there was but one hotel. As it was almost midnight, he knocked at the door a long while without hearing any one stir. At length the host putting his head out of the chamber window, asked who was there. The Spaniard replied, "Don Juan, Pedro, Hernandez, Rodriguez, Alvarez de Villa-nova Count de Malafra, Cavellero Santiago d'Alicantaro."—"Mercy on me!" said the host, as he shut the window, "I have but two spare beds, and do you ask me lodging for a score?"

AN ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.

In an Arabic manuscript was found this remarkable decision of a dispute. Two Arabians sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, the other had three: a stranger, passing by, desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected, and insisted on half: the cause came before Ali (the chief magistrate), who gave the following Judgment.

Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of three loaves *one*.—Now, strange as this sentence may at first appear, the decision was just: for suppose the loaves to be

divided each into three equal parts making twenty-four parts of all the eight loaves, and each person to have eaten a third share: therefore the stranger had seven parts of the person who contributed five loaves (or fifteen parts), and only one of him who contributed only three loaves, which make nine parts.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed. A traveller, in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel, who drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion, that he exclaimed, "Arrah, my dear honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belaiv." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes perhaps not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney; who not a little surprised at finding a spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "the ostler has ta'en off my boots last night, and left on the spur."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Gentleman, in a state of celibacy, solicitous of enjoying the

comforts and conveniences of social life, whose peculiar situation precludes those advances, presents his unfeigned respects to the fair, who deign to honor similar sentiments. As it is the writer's unalterable determination to choose a foreign permanent residence, it may be well here to observe, (for reasons sufficiently obvious) that a preference can only be given to an English lady, of respectable connexions, unblemished reputation, and one of an amiable and affable turn; whose years exceed not thirty, are considerations indispensable. As to personal considerations, more than merely agreeable, if not perfectly beautiful. As to local or pecuniary concerns, such are the writer's views and expectations, as to render them of no material consideration in the choice of a companion.

P. S. A line left at this office, and properly addressed to J. P—V. B—m, will be honourably and punctually attended to, as the writer holds his honor hereby sacredly pledged.

New-York, July 24th, 1809.

LARGIN & BEDFORD, printers, No. 7 Burling Slip, have lately published the *Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments*, executed on satin, (for framing) in a style of superb elegance, rarely excelled. To every householder of taste we recommend the above, as an ornament of embellishment worthy his richest apartment, and when it is considered the good

effect so sacred an object may have on the minds of those who are attracted to notice it, its worth may be inestimable. To the devout and meek christian, it needs but to be seen to obtain his approbation and patronage of so praise-worthy an undertaking.

MARRIED,

At Stonington, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Jeremiah Shotwell, Jr. Merchant, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Terrett, daughter of Wm Terrett, Esq. of Stonington.

On the 27th ult. by the rev. Mr. Fenwick. Mr. James Farrell, Auctioneer, to Mrs. Johannah Tracy, daughter of David Crone, Esq. all of this city.

At Bradford, Mass. the Hon. Nathaniel Thurston, one of the Essex Senators, to Miss Fletcher, his seventh wife!

DIED,

In Prince George's County, Allen B. Duckett, Esq. one of the Judges of the District Court of Columbia.

On the 28th ult. of a consumption, Mr. Isaac Raymond, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. Affey Forman, in the 73d year of her age.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the death of 49 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO EVELINA,

IN ANSWER TO HER ADDRESS OF
 THE 15th ULT.

"The pensive exile bending with his
 woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glo-
 ries shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathise with
 mine." *Goldsmith.*

Accuse me not, fair friend, of cold
 neglect,
 For 'tis a sentiment my bosom spurns;
 Nor deem me wanting in sincere re-
 spect,
 Which in that fated bosom strongly
 burns.

Thy worth, thy virtues, claim my ear-
 liest care,
 For only now thy lays have met mine
 eye;
 Remov'd to solitude and purer air,
 I court returning health with many a
 sigh.

The slow consuming fever leaves me
 now,
 I felt its burning throb in every vein;
 And when a moment's pause did rest
 allow,
 I wak'd to mental agony and pain.

Yes, I may live—but what remains for
 me?

Despoil'd of ev'ry good the world holds
 dear,
 Death has no terrors, for this soul would
 flee,
 And seek in heaven, what her ven de-
 nies it here.

But while this slender thread of life I
 hold,

Think you I ever can forget *your*
 name?

Ah no! 'tis only when this heart is
 cold

'Twill cease to admire thy pure and
 pious fame!

I leave *not yet* Columbia's friendly shore,
 Where I have found some hearts sin-
 cere and kind;

And when I go, the fate I shall deplore,
 That bids me leave those kindred
 souls behind.

"Where'er I go, whatever realms I
 see,"

Still, Evelina, I shall mourn the cause
 That interven'd between thyself and me,
 And shut thee from my personal ap-
 plause.

My hopes are fix'd beyond this tran-
 sient state,

Fix'd on that bourne where thornless
 roses grow,

Fix'd on that blest abode, where adverse
 fate,

And worse ingratitude, I ne'er shall
 know.

Oh, Evelina! still that hateful word
 Renews that grief I have not power
 to tell,

But say, ah say, for you, dear friend,
 have heard

If 'tis "in heaven a crime to love too
 well?"

Charm'd by thy pious zeal, I'll lift my
 soul,

Where "heart with heart reciprocal-
ly meets,"
Where Gold's not priz'd, nor fortune's
harsh controul
Empoisons life, and bitters all its
sweets.

Farewell awhile! sweet friend, my bles-
sings share
With all I love on this terrestrial
space;
Write on, thy fervent zeal shall soothe
my care,
And fix those hopes which time can
ne'er deface.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART

LET the great man his treasures pos-
sessing,
Pomp and splendour forever attend:
I prize not the shadowy blessing,
I ask—the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake
him,
His footsteps from wisdom depart:
Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection! thou soother of care,
Without thee, unfriended we rove;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look
fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

Mid the anguish that preys on the
breast,
And the storms of mortality's state;
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait?

What is Fame, bidding Envy defiance,
The idol and bane of mankind;
What is wit, what is learning, or sci-
ence,
To the heart that is steadfast and kind?

Even genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze;
But affection, mild planet of night!
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms
That encircle creation decay;
It shall live mid the wide-waving
storms,
That bear all undistinguish'd away.

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base—
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.

EPIGRAM.

THROUGH Pancras church-yard, as two
taylor were walking,
Of trade, news, and politics, earnestly
talking,
Says one, "these fine showers (and
then look'd around)
"Will bring all things charmingly out
of the ground."
"Marry! Heaven forbid!" said the
other, "for here
I buried two wives, without shedding
one tear."

Mr. Keffey, a sloven, to reform just
preparing,
Gave Priam a coat, somewhat worse
for the wearing;
Then, turning, he said, and he smil'd
as he said it,
"I get rid of *bad habits*, and add to my
credit."

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